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HOW WE ROSE.



**"I was in the Spirit."**

# HOW WE ROSE.,

BY

DAVID NELSON BEACH,

AUTHOR OF "THE NEWER RELIGIOUS THINKING," AND  
"PLAIN WORDS ON OUR LORD'S WORK."

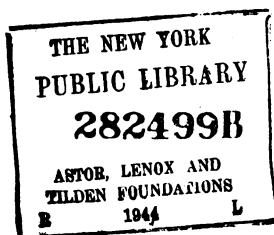


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BOSTON:  
ROBERTS BROTHERS.

1895.

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University Press:  
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.

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**"What thou seest, write in a book."**

I.

**BY TWO AND TWO.**

*No man dieth to himself.*

# HOW WE ROSE.

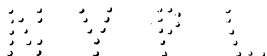


## I.

BY TWO AND TWO.

“AND he sent them forth by  
two and two.”

I could not quite tell where I had heard these words, or if these were the exact words I had heard, or if, indeed, I had ever heard them at all. But they kept repeating themselves to me ; so true did they seem, so real, and so characteristic of an intense experience.





“Intense,” I say; but that is hardly the word. There was nothing tense about it. I do not know any word that just says what I mean. Never was anything so real, so felt, so throbbing and pulsing; and yet never anything so quiet, so relaxed, so like the peace of a content, gentle child.

You will wonder of what I am speaking. How can I tell it? I wish to, but am unable. I seem not to have any words. “I heard unspeakable words,” did not some one say? That was my case.

I should have said it was morn-

ing. That same glow, and promise, and joy, and prophecy which made the old mornings so dear, were there. The air seemed tremulous with them. But there was absolute quiet, entire silence. A Sunday morning in the country, or camping alone on Katahdin, — there is such a mountain, is there not? — might suggest it. A still glory, a sweet, inarticulate prescience, a great, living expectancy utterly calm and at peace, were there. Not even a bird-note broke in upon them.

Thus I lay listening. Then I had a little wonderment: “Will not the nurse come?” and as

quickly I whispered to my heart, "I hope not; poor thing, she has had a hard time with me, and needs rest; and, besides, I don't require her in the least." Then a strange half-fear crept over me, that she would come, and break the delicious spell which bound me. I never felt anything like it. If I could remain so even for an hour, I should surely get well. With this came the bitter, contrasted thought, "'Tis but some freak of extreme sickness; a swoon, perhaps; one of the ironies of disease." To such an irony, however, I desired to cling. "She must not come; I

will will her away," I thought. Besides, I did not want to hear ever again her words, "You are better this morning." I had heard that so many times, and I hate lying.

"Alas! she is coming," I whispered, and determined that I would feign not to know it. Who hates lying should not feign, I know; but I was very weak. One came, but not with the voice of the nurse, still less with her words.

"Friend," said she.

"Yes," I could not but answer; and the very not feigning seemed strangely to strengthen me.

"I ought not to be here," she continued.

"Oh, don't mind; I am easier this morning," I replied.

"'Easier,' friend? quite well, the rather," she said.

"I feel so, truly; but if I stir, I shall bleed again," I rejoined.

"Poor child! she does not know," the woman answered, and stole away.

Her going made such a blank, — strange, too, for I had never seen her before, — that, swiftly thinking, "I will take the risk," I sat up, amazed that I could; and then, though I feared that hemorrhage would start, I fairly

shouted, and with a passion of desire, "Dear woman, come back; do come back: the doctor will not scold me badly, I am sure, and I must see you for at least a moment longer." With that she returned, and this is what passed between us:—

"You don't know, do you?"

"Yes, I know — have long known — that I could not possibly recover. Why should good people lie?"

"They spoke nearer the truth than you thought."

"Why, can I indeed recover? I have never had the least thought that I could, until this

morning. The air is so delicious, it revives one strangely; but it will be damp and penetrating before night, and then an artery will break. Besides, did not you yourself say, 'I ought not to be here,' as if you had broken the doctor's rules?"

"But that was not what I meant."

"Not what you meant? I hope you do not lie, too?"

"Poor child, you do not know. I wonder is it right I should tell you?"

"'Right'? You make me impatient. Only one thing, in such a matter, is not right, — lying."

“But, dear, you do not understand. I thought you knew, and so began with saying that I ought not to be here.”

“But it is quite right that you should be. Did I not say that I am easier this morning?”

A perplexed look, as if the case were quite too much for her, cast a shadow over the sweet countenance, and she started to go; but this time I seized her arms so tightly that I was surprised myself; and the more so when, as I relaxed my hold upon her yielding, I saw the purple marks which my fingers had made in her beautiful flesh. “So a



drowning man seizes one," I explained it to myself.

"Excuse my rudeness," I hastened to say; "but you cannot imagine how I long to be told the truth; and now, if you attempt to leave me before you have told me everything, I shall seize you just so again, in the vise-like grasp of death."

"Of life, you mean," replied the woman.

"Don't try to deceive me," I pleaded.

"Woman," she answered, — and the very word quickened my blood: it had been "poor child" (even she had said that), and

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“poor thing,” so many weeks; one cannot get well when so treated, — “Woman, Gautama has the right to tell you, and that has made me hesitate; but surely it is meant, since you are so confused about it, and I myself have intensified the confusion, and you so cling to me, that I should break the news to you.”

“I do not know the person you mention,” I replied; “but I am sure your friend could not do it half so well as you: so speak with the utmost frankness. I can bear it.”

“Poor thing,” she whispered in an aside. I heard it. It angered

me, but I did not speak. Then, with a face all lighted and love-suffused, such as makes hearts to leap, she said: "Woman, you *have* died."

I felt a strange little flutter, as of joy undreamed of. It was something like a baby's hand in your breast. The wise woman, the beautiful, the wonderful, slipped away.

## II.

### GAUTAMA AND JESUS.

*He left not himself without witness.*

## II.

### GAUTAMA AND JESUS.

I SHOULD have said it was evening now ; but how it came so I could not imagine. No heat had intervened, no noise, no hurry to get a day's work done, no referring to time-pieces, and, strangest of all, no shifting of the shadows.

Has any poet of earth ever told — for I do not yet bring back the old recollections with sharpness ; they lie in the background like dear clouds — has any poet of earth ever told the twofold story

of the shadows shifting all around the landscape's dial, and of the shifting moods of the soul which answer to them, unaccountable, and yet as real and forceful as the movement in any Shakespeare's drama?

To speak with strictness, as I could not help noticing, there were no shadows. "No night there," I said to myself. Nevertheless, this was surely evening, with its sense of completeness, of rest, of mystery awaiting, of other worlds about to flash upon one, — yea, even of the tenderness and ecstasy of love. Moreover, the whole was in a color and

glow such as never glorified even the Vale — was that its name? — the Vale of Chamonix.

I think I may as well, at this point, pause to say, once for all, that, though I had but a few hours arrived (if hours I may rightly say), some things had already begun to clarify themselves wonderfully for me. I seemed to see, for example, that there is a light, shadowless and luminous everywhere, which sunlight does but most faintly suggest, — a light more living than sunlight; stronger, too, but not dazzling and scorching like that. “God is light,” — does it not say? —



“and in him is no darkness at all.”

I seemed to see, too, that the cold of the stellar depths may not penetrate, any more than their eclipses and shadowings, that real universe into which I was now come. I can scarcely tell what a relief and reassurance this gave me. I had so dreaded cold, particularly that of death, of the grave, and of the inter-stellar depths, — that awful frigidity of space of which perpetual snow on the mountain-tops of earth gives the near indication, and through which sunlight and starlight travel forever without warming it.

I had not, I now bethought me, interpreted with insight that half-statement (if I rightly recall it), "Neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat." Its complementary implication had quite escaped me.

Also I seemed to see, for but one other example, that, judging from this evening time (for so I must continue to call it), nothing which morning, and evening, and young moons, and seasons, and years, and generations, and ages stand for, of helpfulness on earth, through the perspective in which they set things, is lacking in the real and abiding universe. And

there, I seemed already to perceive unerringly, they are realities rather than fleeting symbols, as on earth. I think I recall a saying, meaningless it used to be to me, "There shall be time no longer." How wonderfully truthful does that saying seem, now that all that time stands for has come!

But I digress. Also I anticipate.

The woman had come back to me after a little. She was tactful beyond anything I had ever known. She found me standing, but lost in thought.

"You stand readily, do you not?" she asked.

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“Yes,” I answered.

“For the same reason that you could sit up, when you thought you could not, and could shout, and seize my arms so tightly?”

“Yes. You will forgive me for that, won’t you? I supposed I had only an invalid’s strength. Why, the purple is there still!”

“I am glad you did it. That act and sight helped clear your mind. I would gladly have suffered anguish to help you.”

“Dear woman!” (I could only answer; and then —) “But what made you say that your friend had the right to tell me? Is he very dear?”

“Gautama?”

“I think that was the name.”

“And did you not know Gautama?”

“Not that I remember.”

“And do I mistake in thinking that you come from the East?”

“From the West. I thought you came from the West, too.”

“I never guessed it. Nor you that I did not come from your land? Ah! thanks to Gautama, we do not seem to be able to guess here. Our differences seem left behind. Perhaps, as coming from the West, you will remember Gautama’s other name, Buddha?”

"I remember that."

"And did you not know Buddha?"

"I knew Jesus."

"Of him I had heard, — specially of the nail-prints, and thorn- and spear-scars; but he whom I knew was Buddha."

"And is he here also?"

"Verily."

"And why did it seem to you that he had the right to tell me?"

"Because his hands were pierced."

"Not that I ever heard."

"Nor that I ever heard either. Our people knew him — you will

not mind my saying Gautama? of the names which he bore, I loved that name best — our people knew of Gautama, the rather, as the very good, and the very self-afflicting.”

“ Were his hands, then, pierced ? ”

“ Before I speak of that, may I go back a little ? You remember that, at the first, I said, ‘ I ought not to be here ’ ? ”

“ Yes ; and I supposed you meant that you were breaking the doctor’s rules.”

“ And thus, sweet friend, I increased the confusion of your mind.”

“Rather, I should say, out of spite against doctor and nurse, I insisted on going off on a false trail.”

“But you could not help mistaking, dear.”

“Not, indeed, the mistaking; for I had not the faintest idea what had happened to me: but it was a very sinful thing for me to be thus spiteful. However, in what sense did you mean that you ought not to be here?”

“Because of the way I came. What you say about your coming shows, however, that, in one respect, our comings were alike.”



“And did not you know either?”

“Not in the least; and the hemorrhages were n’t a circumstance to the way of my coming.”

“How, then, did you come?”

“I am scarcely willing to tell. But it is right that you should know. I came in flame.”

“Oh, poor dear! You were in a burning building?”

“Alas! no; that would not have unfitted me to be here. I threw myself upon a funeral pyre.”

“But do I not remember hearing that the law of the Empire long ago forbade that?”

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“Yes; but it was the law of a people who worship Jesus, and I worshipped Gautama.”

“And therefore you evaded the law when your husband’s body was burnt?”

“Yes.”

“But was it not another’s faith, not Buddha’s, — excuse me, Gautama’s, — which required that?”

“Yes, as you shall hear.”

“But did you not shrink?”

“As you would, dear.”

“Why, then, did you not let the law of the Empire excuse you?”

“Because I loved Gautama.

I mistook him, but I did it for him. No one knew I was to do it. I was simply at the burning. Then, when the flames were very fierce, I rushed into them."

"And did no one snatch you from them?"

"Many tried; but I clung so tightly to the fixed part of the pyre, that, after they were badly burned, they desisted."

"But I thought you said you did not know?"

"I did not."

"Please explain."

"As you realized the hemorrhages, so did I the fire; but, as in your case, naught more.

Nay, that is not exactly it. I heard my mother say, as my brothers were burning themselves to rescue me, 'Let her alone; she is loved of Gautama; none has instructed her that he requires not this, but he will understand and forgive.'"

"And you remembered no more?"

"No more of the fire. It seemed to cool, a wind from the Himalaya to blow as at the close of a heated day, and Gautama to lead me to my childhood's home. There I seemed to be dropping asleep on the very mat I used to lie upon each night as a tiny child, before Gautama's image."

“And had you, as I, dreaded death all your life?”

“Yes.”

“And both of us needlessly.”

“Needlessly, even death by fire.”

“Think, too, how spiteful I was!”

“Such, I have heard, is the manner of your people.”

“And were not you spiteful, too?”

“I might have been; but I seemed sleeping before the calm Gautama, like a little child.”

“And I, though I thought I loved Jesus, was not loving and patient like him. You were better than I.”

“Neither of us was like Gautama.”

“Or like Jesus.”

“They are the same, dear woman.”

“Nay.”

“Yea, for his hands were pierced, and his feet, and on him are the scars of the thorns and the spear.”

“And you had never so heard?”

“No more than you, dear. It is of that that I am longing to tell you.”

“Pray do. This is stranger, if possible, than our coming without knowing.”

“Stranger indeed! I seemed, then, to be lying on the mat I used to sleep upon as a tiny child, before Gautama; when, lo, the image seemed to move, and to bend compassionately over me! I thought I must be dreaming. Then Gautama seemed to lift me up. I stood before him. The lines of steadfast calm in his face softened; his countenance became all human and tender; thorn-scars, too, were upon his brow, and nail-prints in his hands and feet.

“‘Art thou Gautama?’ I asked.

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“ ‘Thou mayst call me so,’ he answered.

“ ‘Pray make thy meaning clear,’ I entreated.

“ ‘I am he whom, in the West, they call by another name,’ he rejoined; ‘thou hast heard the missionaries speak it.’

“ ‘Art thou Jesus?’ I interrupted.

“ ‘Said I not,’ he replied, ‘that thou mightest call me by the name under which thou wast wont — though mistakenly — to obey me, and under which I helped thee?’

“ Then was I rebuked in spirit; and, as if to comfort me, he said :



‘I was in the heart of Gautama ;  
I was in the heart of thy race as  
its thought grew up about the  
name of Gautama ; without  
further light thou couldst not  
but leap upon thy husband’s  
funeral pyre, though even Gau-  
tama would have forbidden thee  
that ; therefore did I, seeming to  
thee to be Gautama, for that I  
loved thy faith, albeit so mis-  
taken, soothe thee to sleep amidst  
the fire ; and, dost thou know,  
thou art in Paradise ?’

“ ‘Yea, I so perceive,’ an-  
swered I, trembling with fear ;  
‘and, if I may be bold enough  
to ask, into what form of life am

I next to go? Into that of a lizard, or a toad, perhaps, I having so mistaken even Gautama's wish?'

“‘Into none, save into thine own, ever fairer and more beautiful,’ he replied.

“Then did my heart sing; when, lo, he was gone, having first whispered in my ear, ‘See that thou call me Gautama still; for through the thought-forms of thy people, rather than through those of another, wilt thou most swiftly and penetratingly learn of me. But now go help thy sister. Sore is her need of thee.’

“The rest you know.”

Then, tactfully, she left me. Long, long, did I meditate. All things began to emerge in new lights. In this process passed my first day — for so I must continue to speak — my first day in heaven. Only at what I have likened to evening did a sweet clearness fall upon everything, and could I state to myself what I have, with almost an infinite distance from its affluence of truth, now told.

### **III.**

## **ABOUT SOME MYSTERIES.**

*The Lion that is of the tribe of Judah,  
The Root of David,  
Hath overcome,  
To open the book,  
And the seven seals thereof.*

### III.

#### ABOUT SOME MYSTERIES.

ought not I to have been teaching her, not she me? Nay, as I now perceived; for had not I been spiteful, and she patient? And was not this also why Jesus had sent another to me, while he himself had appeared to her?

Strange though it be to say it, I was thankful for this last. It afforded such a key to mysteries; it gave me such a character to love. For never had I loved any

one so much as this woman, my helper. Newly acquainted, I seemed to have known her forever. I perceived, moreover, though she said naught, that her heart answered to mine. At first, I may as well confess, I was a little jealous of this, for the sake of one whom I had left on earth. When, however, I reflected how this new love had helped me, that I might be the helper of the loved one left behind, I was glad. Thus did I find heaven transmuting love into the passion of helpfulness, as with Jesus, — a thing I had never been willing before in my heart

of hearts to accept; and thus discovered I that "by two and two" is the order of the skies.

Bent on thoughts like these, and full of the new life of love, — new life because its principle had been at length grasped, and completely and joyfully made my own, so that I was like one who, for the first time, loves, — I was long in revery, a heavenly sleep; for so, here, do they sleep.

Now, therefore, it was morning. It evidenced itself to be such by that mystic process which, not understanding, I have outlined earlier. That same glow, and promise, and joy, and prophecy,



as of the morning, were present. The air seemed tremulous with them. Nor, so do those say who have been long here, is morning—for by that name do all call it—ever other than this to all in this land. Then was it that I saw my Saviour.

I could not look upon him, but cast down my eyes. It was as when human love first spake its fulness to me,—only as deeplier more as heaven is more than earth. That was a rill; this the ocean. Yea, the ocean, as I now perceived, had rendered the rill possible. Its delicious billows seemed breaking over me, wave

on wave. "Can I endure such ecstasy?" I asked my hushed soul; but never seemed I the tenth part so strong. Thus I waited. He, too, was silent.

"I have brought thee," at length he said, "that white stone and new name, on which thou usedst so deeply to meditate." Thereupon he hung the stone by a golden thread about my neck. Also into my ear he whispered the new name. None, saving him and me, as he himself said, shall ever know it. I may rightly, however, to his praise, say this about it: If all that my truest self had ever aspired after

and stood for were multiplied as many times as heaven is more than earth, then that new name embodied — nay, I shall divulge more than is right. “Not lawful for a man to utter,” is it not written ?

When I had heard that name, and saw the white stone which contained it glistening upon my breast, a feeling of being absolutely at home filled me. It was very wonderful. Nothing longer seemed strange ; neither longer seemed I unfit. So far from this, all humbly, I seemed by the great love to be ennobled, until in no respect was I out of place. Even

heaven seemed not too good for one so loved. As, in my truest moments, I had sat with my mother and father, with my husband, or among my children, so stood I in his presence whose name is above every name. Ah! far from enough is it to say that perfect love casts out fear. Perfect love transfigures and glorifies.

“And now, dear heart,” said he who had wrought this, “let us, among the many mansions, seek out that one which I have prepared for thee.” I should do him wrong if I omitted to add that this seemed his feeling about every one, — that each had a

place, of right belonging to him, his home, and his possibility. It was beautiful, beyond describing,—specially for any persons who, before they came, had seemed to themselves to have no place, or to have missed their work.

Of the walk, which he seemed to make a very long one on purpose; of those mansions before which we paused, while he, leaving me with some one else, would enter for a little time with his smile of peace; of the many whom we met, and with whom we held converse, each of them so interesting that I could scarcely

bear, even though so companioned, to leave them; of our arrival, after many blessed experiences, and after much talk too wonderful for words; and then of our supping together there, — for, amidst such employ, that which is in heaven called evening had come again, — I may not speak. “Unspeakable,” indeed, were the “words.” But I may say some things — slightest hints only are they — to comfort, perchance, some one to whom, through what channel soever, that which I utter may come. Even in doing this I perceive that I must put the greatest restraint upon myself.

“If, as we walk,” said he of whose beauty and glory I had never once formed a thought having more than the remotest approach to reality — “If, as we walk, dear heart,” said he, “thou wouldst ask me any question, do so freely;” and straightway, all tactfully, he began asking me of many things about which I delighted to speak, and himself to volunteer many things of which I could not but wish, yea, long, to know. Our conversation was never a monologue. He made me talk, without my realizing how, and never before had I such thought or words in speaking.

“May I ask,” said I, being by him thus given courage, “whether my new friend, the rarest earth-character I have ever known, said truly that she knew thee as Gautama?”

“Was not her yea yea, and her nay nay?” he answered.

“It so seemed. But, if it be so, how about that distortion of thee which Gautama was?”

“And how” — and here a smile ineffable lighted all his face — “And how about that distortion of me which thou wast taught, and which thou didst imagine? Did the Lawgiver’s words about ‘graven images’ in-



tend only such ? Am I, 'seen as I am,' as my beloved John loved to say, very much liker what thou wast taught and didst imagine of me, than like thy friend's Gautama ? ”

I could not say otherwise. Just then we passed the open doors of a mansion where a mother, who seemed first in heaven to have found her baby, was covering him with kisses. This sight compelled my speaking again : —

“ Did my new friend show thee the purple marks I left in her beautiful arms ? ”

“ I beheld them made.”

“But thou wast not there.”

“Nay, dear heart, I was.”

“Those arms, then, tinged with purple, my own springing, joyous body, — for never had I such ecstasy of mere living; it seems as if I might fly as readily as walk,” —

“Ay! fly thou shalt, and with me and for me visit many a world,” —

“And this mother kissing her baby, unite to ask for me my question: Are we within the material universe, or beyond it, or in a sphere of being purely spiritual?”

“I will answer thee that when

thou art clearer whether or not there be any real distinction between the two universes of which thou dost speak. Didst thou never ponder that in which my beloved Paul declared (who had been here) that ‘all things stand together’?”

“Yea, Name which is above every name, often; but never with such commentator. If, then, I may believe that I am not deceived by semblances, is it true that the end of the world has indeed come, and the trumpet sounded, and that therefore my new friend, and I, and that mother and her baby, have at

length received our resurrection bodies ? ”

A look of unutterable compassion swept over his face.

“ How, for ages, have my little ones been deceived ! Such teaching may help answer thy question about the Gautama teaching. Said I not to the Eleven, ‘ It is not for you to know times or seasons ’ ? How, then, should my beloved Paul have forgotten that saying, to affirm a time for receiving the new body ? Or how shouldst thou, or any, with my words at hand, not rectify what he thus spake ? Yea, even in what he, but for this,

wisely said on this matter, was there not the clew? Spake he not of being 'clothed upon'? Said he not that 'incorruption must be put on'? Was it right so to distort truth, not interpreting it by the higher truth? Didst thou not leave thy new friend's arms purple?"

As he spake, such merry laughter pealed from the mansion in which was the baby, as to render further questioning on this point superfluous. But I could, the rather, have wept, considering how those who themselves saw but "in a mirror, darkly," having been by men clothed

with an authority to which they never laid claim, had been caused thereby to darken the lives of the peoples of earth!

Swiftly, then, did there pass before my mind many other things which I had been misleadingly or doubtfully taught, until, ere I thought, I had said:—

“Spiteful, was I, after I had come hither. How might such an one enter?”

“Rememberedst thou not,” he answered,—“Rememberedst thou not the ‘wedding garment’?”

“Never could I forget it.”

“And what meant it to thee?”

“Not what I have learned that

it means since I came, — that the great love, once beheld, clothes upon and transfigures.”

“ But did not my beloved John so speak, saying, ‘ We shall be like him ; for we shall see him even as he is ’ ? ”

“ Yea ; but, so understanding, how came the man without the wedding garment to be cast out ? ”

“ Soughtest thou never, by love and sacrifice, to transform another ? ”

“ Never, as I should.”

“ But, seeking somewhat, wast thou always permitted to do it ? ”

“ Once I was not.”

“Cast out, then, automatically, was not such an one, from that presage of heaven?”

“Yea; if such figure be allowable. And lacked the man the wedding garment in that, arriving, faulty like me, he permitted not the great love, once beheld, to clothe upon and transfigure him?”

“Thou sayest.”

“And were his darkness and gnashing of teeth to last forever?”

“Until how long sought the Shepherd his sheep?”

“Until he found it. But our people interpreted the teaching as forever.”



“ Said I not that my words  
‘ are spirit, and are life ’ ? ”

“ And to be interpreted in the  
spirit of them, the lesser by the  
larger truth ? ”

“ Didst thou ever otherwise  
rightly interpret aught else ? ”

“ Nay, thou Blessed One ! ”

What I have narrated was all  
as we walked. The instances I  
have given have scarcely included  
at all the more joyous, the ex-  
uberant, the forward-looking side.  
Nor have I spoken of my man-  
sion, nor of its foreshadowings of  
my work, nor of the supping to-  
gether. Of these I dare not  
trust myself even to drop hints.

One additional matter, however, as supper drew to its close, I may report:—

“Name which is above every name,” I said, “what do they in heaven, to make it last, and satisfy, forever and forever?”

Oh, then, the look that irradiated his face! Never can I forget it.

“‘His servants,’ hast thou not read,” he answered, — “‘His servants shall serve him: and they shall see his face; and his name’—not letters but likeness—‘shall be in their foreheads’? Thy new friend was serving him in that service which

so wrought for thee. The mother with her baby was serving him. So was it of those, so many, all engaged in blessed tasks, whom thou didst meet as we walked. Thou hast been serving him, as thou hast accompanied me this day for my joy as well as thine, and as, in like manner, thou hast sat at this board. Thou hast an eternity of work to do. As thou dost already divine, thou shalt never tire. And the work will unfold from more to more, in ever fresh wonder and delight. Into the joy of thy Lord thou hast already entered; elemental to which joy it is, for-

ever, and with intelligence unerring, unselfishly to love and to serve. Is not that enough for eternity, dear heart ? ”

“ Yea, thou Blessed One ! ” I replied ; “ and, in asking the question, I belied myself. That spring and ecstasy of being, — ineffable, both of them, — which I have experienced from the moment I arrived, have in them the presage of lasting, endless satisfaction. ’T was a question of earth which obtruded itself.”

“ But,” he continued, “ thou dost not, even yet, guess. ‘ To know thee,’ to know him ‘ whom thou hast sent,’ and to know

the things of him in boundless knowledge; above all, to love and to serve unto the uttermost, — are of the substance of that life into which thou art now come. But the great purpose, the great purpose, — none surmiseth it yet, none surmiseth it! Hark! I am summoned. Dear heart, the great purpose, surmised by none, — greet thou it from afar!”

With this his hands were above my head in blessing; “Peace be unto thee,” he whispered; he breathed that name which none “knoweth but he that receiveth it,” and, like a cloud of glory, was gone.

#### IV.

### THE GREAT PURPOSE.

*That he be as his Master.*

## IV.

### THE GREAT PURPOSE.

I WAS alone but for a moment.

She whom he that was gone had bidden call him by the name of Gautama was straightway with me, her face shining like a star.

"I have been chosen," she exclaimed.

"For what?" I asked.

"To be one of a great company about departing with him whom they crowned with the thorns."

"Whither?"



“Earthward.”

“Whither earthward?”

“Into thy West.”

“Wherefore?”

“They slay one another. Many are dead. Fierce is the strife. Hungry men, emaciated women with starving babies at their breasts, and hollow-faced children — mad, blasphemous, some of them — have set out to fire the city of the Christian people and the good. ‘Work or blood!’ they cry, and blood is the concisely reasoned answer which they get.”

“And wherefore goes the company?”

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“As with the hemorrhages, and the fire, and thy mistaken thoughts and mine, so to do for the dying and the dead along the streets of the Christian city. ‘T is part of the great purpose, surmised by none,’ said he who bade us assemble.”

“But was he not exceeding wroth with the ‘Christian city’?”

“Wroth were we. We pleaded that the bloodshed be equal.”

“What said he to that?”

“‘Those who make answer with blood,’ he explained, ‘have suffered more than these. Though they know it not, they have starved their souls. Neither shall

they come hither with such convoy as awaits these. The last shall be first.'"

"Thought ye that to be enough?"

"Nay; and we so clamored; but he repeated, 'Tis part of the great purpose, surmised by none;' and he showed us his hands and his feet. Also, 't was rumored in our ranks that other companies go presently forth to breathe into the aspirations of men irrepressible longings after a truer, heavenlier spirit betwixt classes and peoples; and yet other companies after them, to hint and incite those studies and

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procedures by which such a spirit may be realized."

Then was she, with face like a star, withdrawn from me, and joined unto a great and radiant company, which, following him who had but just supped with me, disappeared earthward as a meteor drops through the terrestrial firmament.

One was taken, and the other left. I had my mansion, and she her work.

Deep was my contrition. Heaven, I thus found, has need of its repentances. The discoveries, the ecstasy, the meditations profound, the inquiries, the work

I was to do, how my mansion conveyed foreshadowings thereof, and the blessed Presence which thither had come,—in these I had lost myself. Yea, that Presence had patiently allowed me in this. On the contrary, the Gautama's woman had at once plunged herself into the very mind "which was in Christ Jesus;" had brought me out into the light, and quite likely others; and had already shown herself meet to be one of a company chosen for most exacting service. Indeed, as I could not help perceiving, many in it had been long in this land. Among

them, and just next her, as I thought I descried, was Elizabeth Fry.

Then fell I down upon that spot where he had sat who supped with me, and prayed, — for I had not before thought to pray in heaven, — fervently prayed that I might so “greet from afar” “the great purpose, surmised by none,” that I might be counted worthy to accompany my Saviour when next he went forth.

As thus, in abasedness of spirit, and in persevering prayer, I had lain for some time; I heard a piercing voice without.

“Help!” cried she who had been my helper.

I flung open the door just as she had reached the threshold, bearing a woman—I know not how it might be so soon; nor how she might suffice to bring her, except that weight seems not to be felt here—bearing a woman whom she had brought from the “Christian city.”

“As I have not yet found my mansion, may I bring this Daughter of the King within yours?” she asked.

I answered by preparing a place.

“I fear you will shudder,” she

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went on, "but such has been this woman's anguish, that, though she already has her heavenly body, it, and that which she brings, are by mental tension constrained as yet to appear just as they looked when we found her. Neither has her mind at all cleared. Much of the way hither she has been speaking as she must have spoken while the streets ran with blood. Just now she is quiet, but it will not be for long. The help of us both will be required; yea, of a mightier than we."

With that the succorer uncovered her that as yet had been



veiled. A horse's hoof of the cavalry had crushed one of her hips. Canister had torn away part of her jaw. Clenched to her breast was the arm of a baby, cleft by a sabre. Our bending over her seemed to rouse her. With wild cries she broke forth : —

“Fire the city, the city of the Christians ; the city where they waste more, and squander more in hurtful luxury, than would feed all the poor ; the city that cut down the pay, and raised prices, and lengthened the hours ; that killed my husband in the caisson under the river ; that was so

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holy it would do naught against liquor until such time as it could do everything, and thus caused my son to be trapped and slain, and my daughter to be trapped and worse than slain; that, at length, gave no work at all; that required such as we to live in worse places than the dark cells of prisons, and to feed on water only and air, and on half rations even of those! Ay! fire the city!”

“So, at intervals, has she cried all the way hither,” said the succorer, as a few moments of exhaustion ensued. We felt ourselves powerless to help. We

buried our faces in supplication at either end of that whereon we had laid her. From this we were aroused by the most pitiful wailings, which, after a little, turned into words: "Where is the baby? I begged the cavalryman not to cut the baby, —Katie's baby, that ought not to have been; but he swore a great oath, his sabre flashed, 'A curse on such a breed!' he cried, and this is all there was left!" Thereupon she brandished the arm.

At this we hid our eyes, not daring to look; and I think we should both have lost power to

think for a little, had not the door at that moment swung inward, and through it entered that one who had led forth the shining company.

“’T was a long search,” said he; “but think not that I have been for one moment absent from any of you.”

With that he threw open his mantle. Within it was the baby. The woman, from the moment of his passing the door, had lain in utter quiet. Tenderly he placed the little one in the arms which claimed it. As he touched blind eyes once, so now he laid together the part which the woman

had brought, and that which he had recovered. Then, in an instant, fairer even than the succorer, without mutilation or any wound upon either, stood among us such a woman, and in her arms such a child, as were never yet limned upon any canvas of earth.

We both shrank in awe away.

“My mansion shall be theirs always,” I whispered to the succorer; and we left the twain with him who “was dead, and, behold, he is alive for evermore.”

**“Ⓢ the depth of the riches!”**

“ For of him,  
And through him,  
And to him,  
Are all things ! ”











